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editor's note

Here lies the third ever Art issue of the Oregon Voice. We created it, and now we can't stop. Someday, somehow, you will reach the end of this magazine. And you will read it again, it will not be any different, it will be exactly the same. The square OV issue in your hands is the product of the University of Oregon's best artists and writers. It has been the highest honor to share their work throughout the year in both square and rectangle formats; we hope you enjoy.

Love,
Dori, Miles and Clancy

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nye

this one counts as a two-for-one. I am swaying with a glass of champagne in my hand, I am every girl in a movie when the clock strikes twelve, I'm a hard-boiled cliché with half-dyed hair, I'm a chip off the old block. I'm the memory of when you told me you love how I glow after dancing all night but I'm wrapped up in the rest of me, the me with a stomachache and sticky fingers, the me that goes where I go, not dancing, just drunk. last time was a joke. I was a hack, I was a glovebox with a parking ticket in it I was trying to forget, I thought I could go on forever unreminded of you. I wanted to. You were the part in the middle of the day when you think about what it'll be like to come home. You were the coming home. it's not like it was in the beginning but I thought it was something better. I thought it was one long middle. I thought it was Sunday morning and you were at the corner store and I was waiting for you to come back with a carton of eggs. I said I was an old wooden box and inside there was nothing but tenderness for you. from your house I could see every tree in the valley on clear days, on rainy days too. this time I am in the kitchen with my own hands and the window open. I said I was an old wooden box. open. shut.

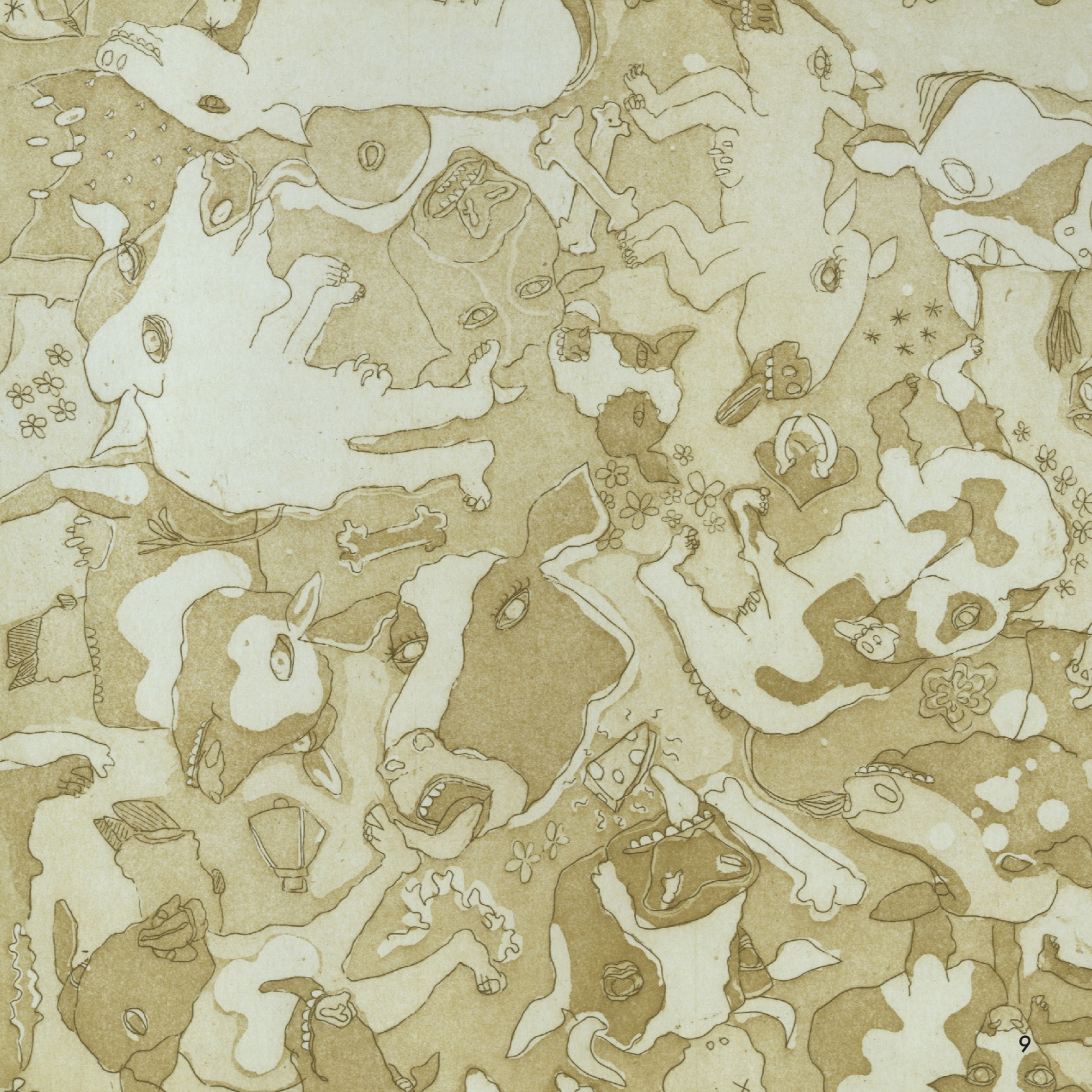
Dori Mosman

Portrait of a Park

There are people,
Looking at the leaves,
Sitting with the kite,
Smoking the field,
Parking on the curb,
Drumming in the truck,
Living in back seats,
Rolling down windows,
Standing on the view,
Laughing an apple,
Chewing the picture

Nick McClurg

WILL I EVER FIND GOD?
IT HAS ITS OWN HOUSE.
IT EVEN HAS ITS OWN PARKING LOT.
IS GOD ALWAYS HOME?
I'M NOT ALWAYS HOME.
I CAN'T ADD GOD ON FIND MY FRIENDS
I DON'T THINK I WILL FIND IT.



Germany

We sat at little tables in the top floor of the coffee shop, drinking cappuccinos that burned my throat as I swallowed because I hadn't yet developed a taste for coffee. But it still tasted so sweet. We gaped
at all the pastries that we could eat for breakfast, nobody there to restrict us,
we ate chocolate and croissants and danishes and rum balls. We were 16 and 17
and they would serve us beers, but I didn't want one. I was so happy; the feeling bubbled up in my stomach and made me feel so good I wanted to throw up. Today, they sit in my chest and sometimes make their way up to my mind, but I can't create words for them and when I try, they become less powerful.
I don't feel like I'm happy but when I look back on this moment i'll romanticize it and it'll feel wonderful. I miss you even though you're right here. I was so anxious but now i'm just tired
And hoping to feel that feeling again, like my heart is running so fast that I can't capture it long enough to understand what it wants.

Taylor Griggs

birthday of a TONY ROMO impersonator

"Tonight
feels entirely unremarkable
save the fact I am drinking
but not enough,"
goes the thought.
It is a Tuesday
and I am drinking.

I consider
questioning
the lengthy series of circumstance
that have led here
but
upon further thought
decide not to.

I believe
asking
upon the principle of asking
is a fine thing,
good enough
to see me through
the end of the night.

Sometimes
I play
an exquisite game with myself
in which he is an able adversary.
we call it,
"don't think about that thing"
sometimes he wins, sometimes I do.

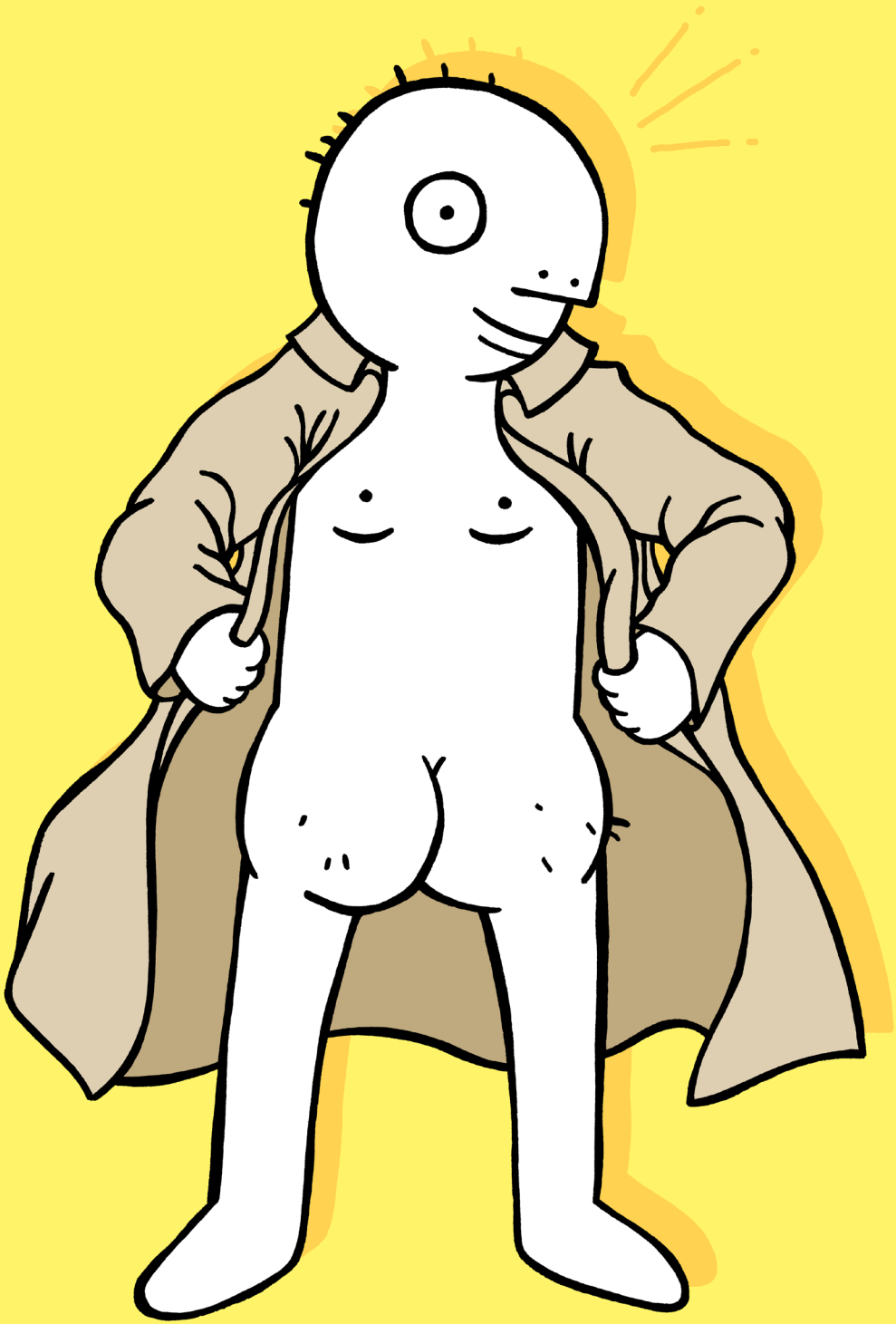
He'll protest
when it comes to performance enhancing drugs
but
tonight
"I'm trying to make coach proud,"
I say to myself
and laugh at having made light of the situation.

Having called it
a situation
brings unwanted gravity
to what I consider
not a situation
although
I don't know the exact definition of a situation.

It could be a situation
maybe even a fun one
like in movies
when there's a problem
and it's solved
brilliantly and
beautifully.

I don't know
if this thing has a script
but
shit-faced behind the wheel
I'll make it
and look up
and pretend there is one.

MS



Soft Caw

Temporarily rejecting singularity.

Soft caw: an exercise in wanting.
Whisper-moan into your molar chasm
—cute & gaping.

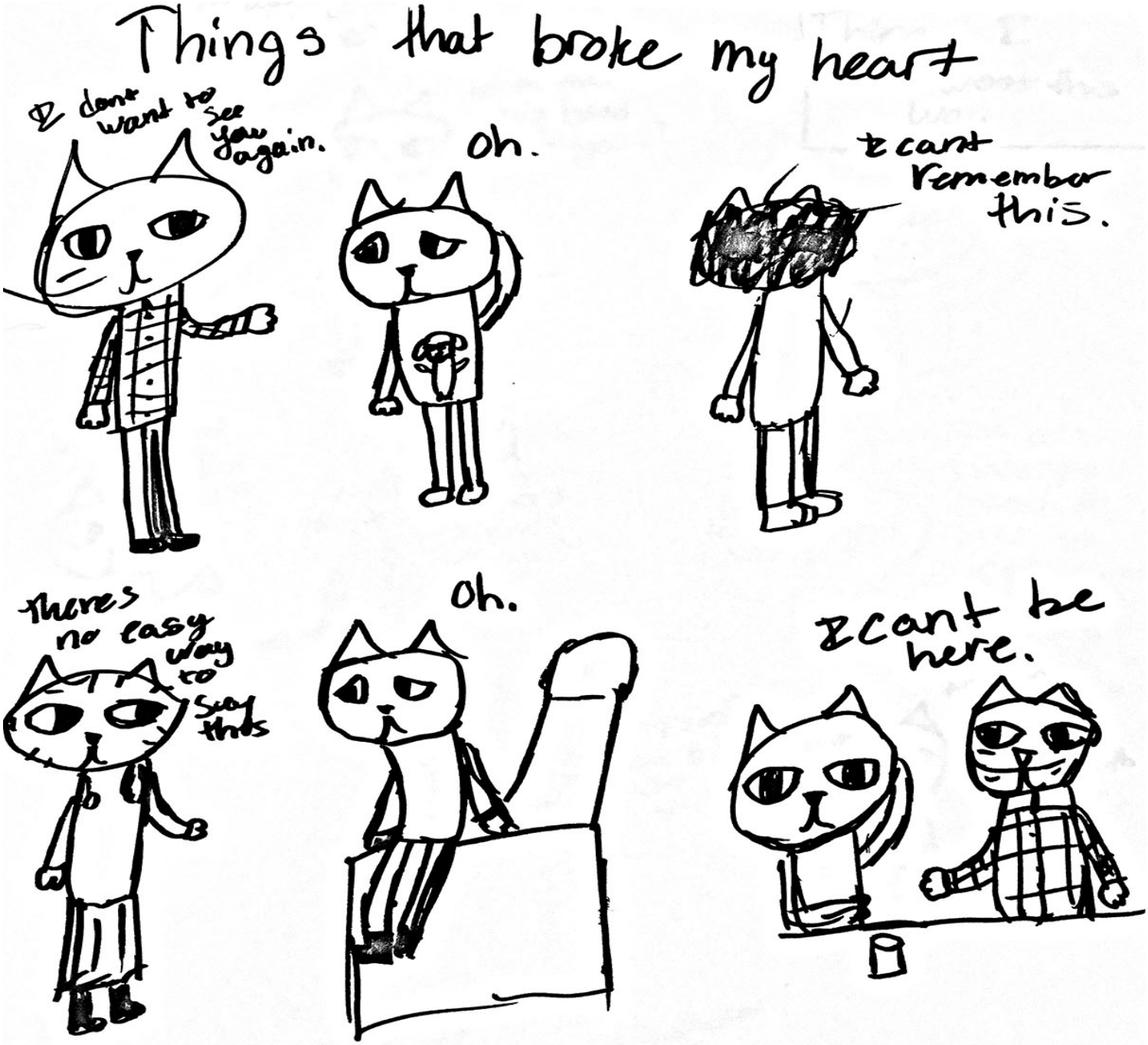
A vaux's swift nestled in the soggy nook between
gummage & carnage;
folding laundry and polishing our fine kitchenware.

(Downy pillows collecting stumbles babbles and coos)
cygnets to sustained infatuation,
we are mostly mouth and some pruned sinews of body.

Migratory spring
I want to lick the skies of your lower-back and
I'm a sterile mash of plume & marrow.

You scratch my
vestigial itch.

Kaya Noteboom


Things that broke my heart
I don't want to see you again.
Oh.
I can't remember this.
There's no easy way to say this
Oh.
I can't be here.

Exposure

You step out onto the front porch, breathe in the perfume of the wisteria baking in the sun and swaying in the hot summer breeze, you hear a crinkle of tin foil before she steps outside and locks the door. You probably imagined it, you think. A phantom foil sound."I'm never going to do it again," she told you. "I'm glad I tried it though, just to know what it's like." She wouldn't have lied to you right away. You're a paranoid person. You check if the stove is off and the door is locked ten times before you leave. When you hit a bump in the road, you worry it was a child.
Sometimes, you wish she would hide it from you. Her silky grey pouch with the silver clasps goes everywhere with her, tucked in her purse in easy reach. You recognize the metallic bitter smell in the air around her body. You sit alone a lot on your phone while she leaves to use the bathroom for way too long. You wonder if you're being damaged by second hand exposure but she says that it's impossible.

She calls you crying, opening the door of her parents new Escalade and throwing up onto the asphalt. She is sure she is dying, she weeps, her body is shaking and her organs burn. You cry along with her but there's nothing you can do. You're glad you can be there for her. But, it's true. You could die. The body can go into shock and your blood can stop pumping and your electrons stop firing. Sweat pours off your body in waves and you can plunge into a deep, cavernous depression full of demons. She once tells you, there's only three ways it can end: imprisoned, dead, or sober.
Her friends hate you, because you're a normie, and you hate them, because they leech off of her, drag each other down, and infect each other with toxic waste. One sleeps on her floor for weeks, texts her incessantly, pulls her in and embraces her into the warm, comforting fold. You go to a house show with them, and as you gaze down at the sea of steel toed boots, you wilt in embarrassment: you wore flip flops to a punk show.

Months later, in spring, her mother asks to go on a walk with you. She cries as their labrador puts his wet nose into your palm and licks the sweat off your fingertips. The storm clouds skitter across the bay and you notice the huge trunk of a redwood has washed up onto your beach, where the bedrock is exposed like bone. You crave to lean your bare back against the warm retaining wall, close your eyes, and drift away. You try to stay here on solid ground but diving into the blue seems a lot easier. At least, you concede, the truth is out. We all know the signs now. We're all on the same team.

When you're both in the same town, you sleep in the same bed, on flannel sheets. She sleeps near the window, her mug balanced on the ledge. You sleep on the other side, your arm hanging down and touching the wood floor. You watch foreign films with lots of sex scenes in them and think about art. The dog lays across your legs and you wake up every day with pins and needles, fog snaking into the rafters. You both wonder aloud at the absurdity of an illness that wraps itself around the palm trees, sticks to people like wet sand, and pulls people out and away.

Iris Kittleson

Leia Is Looking for Her Brother

I hate your desert planet twin sun
butter melt sand paste and
sticky rush I leave glass pool with
my hot feet and find mirror me
egg yolk in the sky make gooey
night and hide daytime in my engine
I fly up and mistake space for a
windpipe exhale my scream ship
alert alert alert alert alert alert
alert a moon is a moon I'm sure
a knife will grow if you plant it
verdant is the hardest word to be
the galaxy coughs up a rock
and I hyper kiss its face long enough
to brew an atmosphere I tear
the morning on my teeth and dribble
fuel down my dawn jaw star skin
scorched lip and land again

Annalee Nock

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